ROARIN' RICK'S

RARE BIT FIENDS

KING HELL

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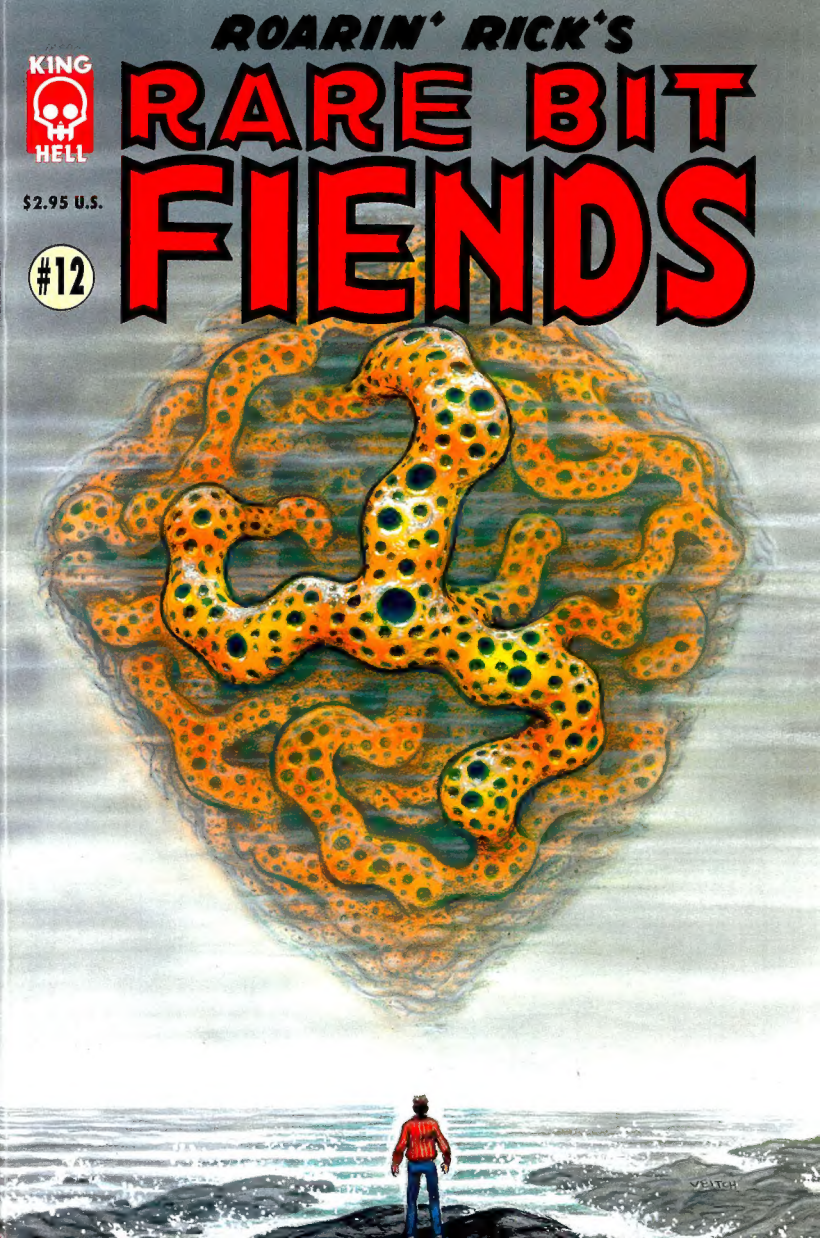

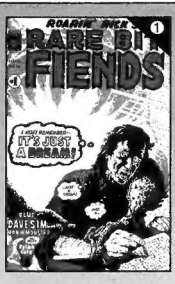

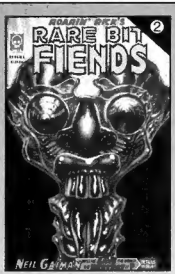

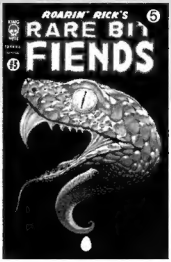

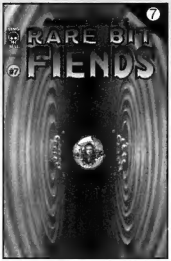

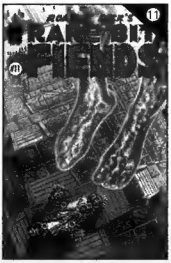

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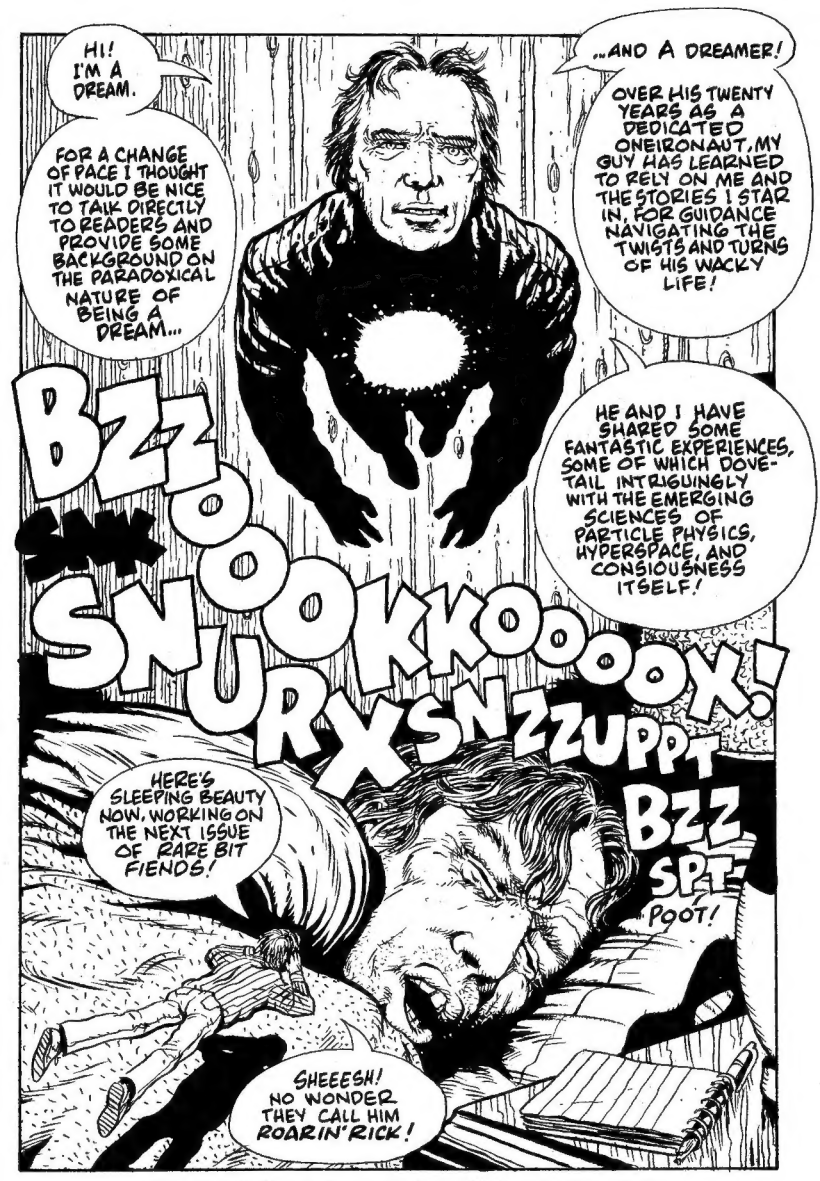
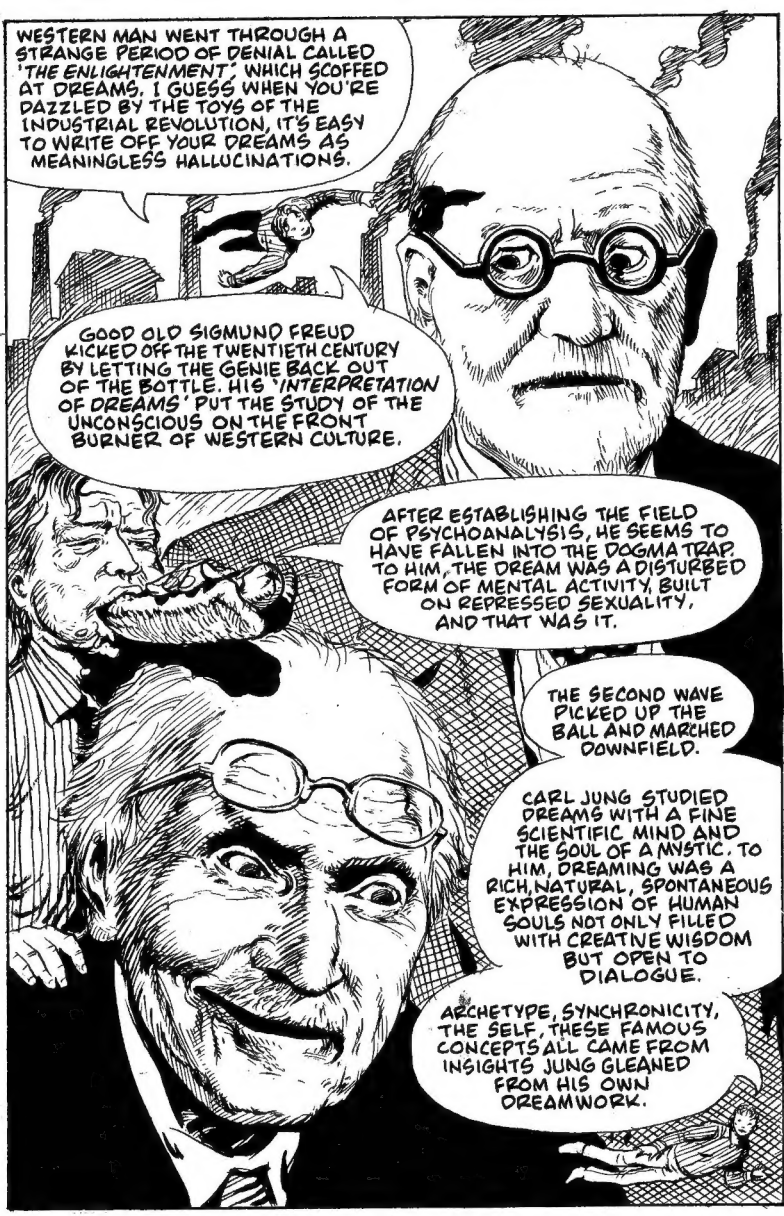


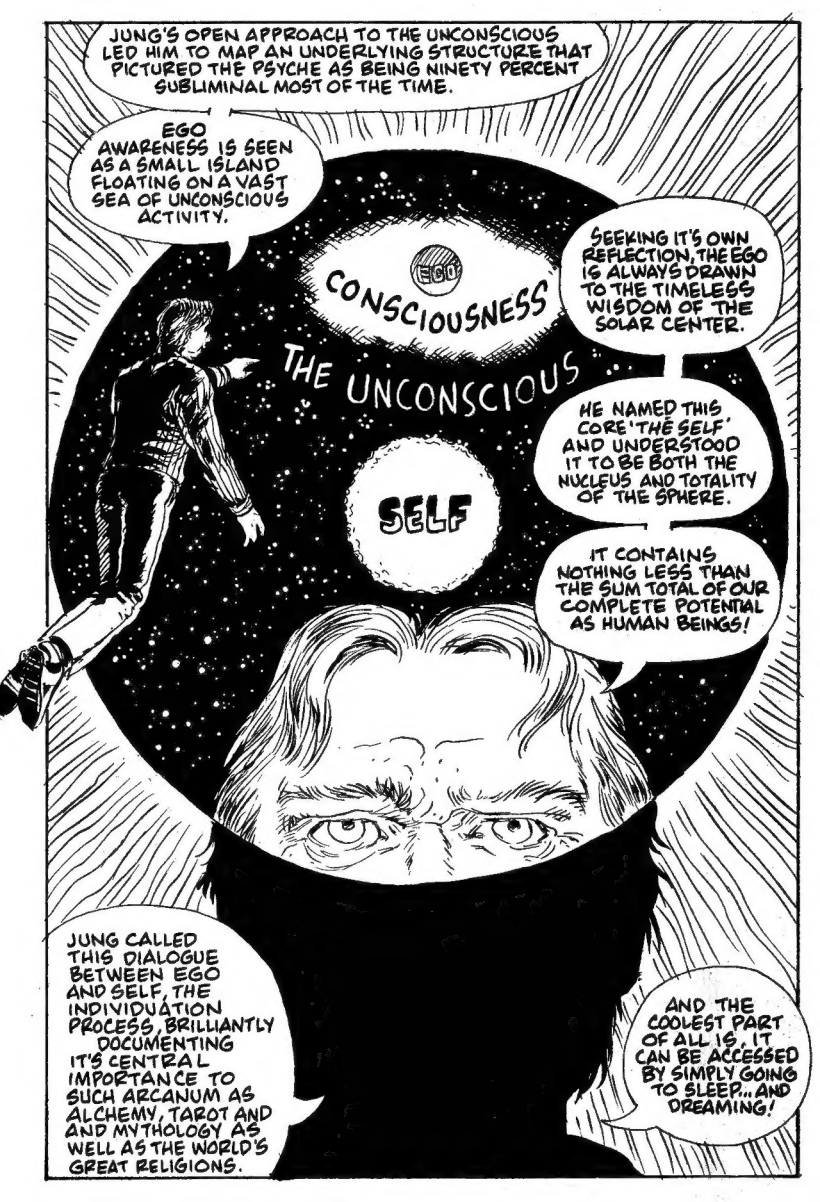
ROARIN' RICK'S RARE BIT FIENDS, No. 12, June, 1995. Published monthly by King Hell Press, PO Box 1371, West Townshend VT 05359-1371. Contents © 1995 respective creators.

HERE'S A WILD NIGHT-RIDE HE TOOK A FEW YEARS AGO.
USUALLY, I'M THE GUY WHO GETS TO HAVE ALL THE FUN, BUT ONCE IN A WHILE, I LET RICK'S WAKING AWARENESS SNAP INTO FOCUS DURING A DREAM. RESEARCHERS CALL THIS EXHILARATING EVENT A LUCID DREAM!
IN THIS CASE, THE ROARING ONE WAS LUCID-DREAMING AN OUT-OF-BODY EXPERIENCE.
HE FELT HIMSELF, AWAKE AND AWARE, RISING THROUGH MULTIPLE HUMAN FORMS THAT TINGLED WITH PULSATING ELECTRICAL ENERGY PLASM.
HE COAGULATED INTO A FINAL, MORE SUBSTANTIAL ASTRAL BODY HOVERING OVER THE FOOT OF HIS BED.
MARVELING AT ALL THIS, RICK NOTICED A BULGE OF LIGHT AND ENERGY EMERGING FROM HIS CHEST. HE REACHED OUT...
...AND SUCCEEDED IN GRABBING IT.
THEN HE TOOK OFF LIKE A BAT OUT OF HELL!!
HE SWEARS HE WAS PULLED DOWN THE STAIRS, OUT THE DOOR AND ACROSS THE LANDSCAPE FOR HUNDREDS OF MILES, AT IMPOSSIBLE SPEEDS BY THIS THING!
BEFORE YOU DECIDE THAT THE ROARIN' ONE READ TOO MANY DOCTOR STRANGE COMICS...
LET'S JOIN HIM!

THE EGYPTIANS DIDN'T KNOW DITKO FROM DIDDLEY.
BUT THEY UNDERSTOOD THE SOUL AS A WINGED BIRD THAT LEFT THE BODY DURING SLEEP TO RETURN TO IT'S TRUE HOME IN THE AFTERLIFE.
THEIR WORD FOR 'DREAMING' IS DERIVED FROM THEIR WORD FOR 'AWAKEN'!
TO THE GREEKS, DREAMS EXISTED IN A PHYSICAL SPACE AT THE FAR CORNERS OF THE REAL WORLD.
DREAMING WAS A PLACE, VISITED TO GAIN KNOWLEGE AND IMPROVED HEALTH. OR EVEN TO GET IMPREGNATED BY A GOD.
ARISTOTLE, SOCRATES, PLATO, HIPPOCRATES... ALL PRACTICED RITUAL DREAM INCUBATION IN TEMPLES LIKE THESE ALL ACROSS THE EAST MEDITERRANEAN.
AND DON'T FORGET TO CHECK OUT THE BIBLE SOMETIME. IT'S A 'HECKUVA' RECORD OF HOW THE FATES OF TRIBES AND NATIONS HUNG ON SIMPLE DREAMS AND THEIR INTERPRETATIONS. BEFORE CHRISTIANITY.

THE KORAN IS AN INCREDIBLE DREAM ARTIFACT.
THESE WORDS, NOW HEARD FIVE TIMES A DAY FROM EVERY MOSQUE IN ISLAM, WERE FIRST SPOKEN IN A DREAM!
THERE IS NO GOD BUT GOD. AND MOHAMMED IS HIS PROPHET!
THE TIBETANS ARE INTO DREAMS IN A BIG WAY.
THEY'VE EVOLVED YOGIC PRACTICES THAT WHEN MASTERED, REPORTEDLY FREE A PERSON TO ENTER THE DREAM STATE FULLY CONSCIOUS.
AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES ARE WELL KNOWN BUT LITTLE UNDERSTOOD FOR THEIR ANCIENT DREAMCULTURE.
THEIR MAPS OF DREAMTIME CAN ONLY BE PERCEIVED BY THE PERSONAL AND COLLECTIVE UNCONSCIOUS SIMULTANEOUSLY!
THE FACTOID IS, ALL SHAMANIC PRACTICES USE DREAMS FOR REVELATION, PRECOGNITION, AND COMMUNION WITH THE DEAD.


WESTERN MAN WENT THROUGH A STRANGE PERIOD OF DENIAL CALLED 'THE ENLIGHTENMENT,' WHICH SCOFFED AT DREAMS. I GUESS WHEN YOU'RE DAZZLED BY THE TOYS OF THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION, IT'S EASY TO WRITE OFF YOUR DREAMS AS MEANINGLESS HALLUCINATIONS.
GOOD OLD SIGMUND FREUD KICKED OFF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY BY LETTING THE GENIE BACK OUT OF THE BOTTLE. HIS 'INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS' PUT THE STUDY OF THE UNCONSCIOUS ON THE FRONT BURNER OF WESTERN CULTURE.
AFTER ESTABLISHING THE FIELD OF PSYCHOANALYSIS, HE SEEMS TO HAVE FALLEN INTO THE DOGMA TRAP. TO HIM, THE DREAM WAS A DISTURBED FORM OF MENTAL ACTIVITY, BUILT ON REPRESSED SEXUALITY, AND THAT WAS IT.
THE SECOND WAVE PICKED UP THE BALL AND MARCHED DOWNFIELD.
CARL JUNG STUDIED DREAMS WITH A FINE SCIENTIFIC MIND AND THE SOUL OF A MYSTIC. TO HIM, DREAMING WAS A RICH, NATURAL, SPONTANEOUS EXPRESSION OF HUMAN SOULS NOT ONLY FILLED WITH CREATIVE WISDOM BUT OPEN TO DIALOGUE.
ARCHETYPE, SYNCHRONICITY, THE SELF, THESE FAMOUS CONCEPTS ALL CAME FROM INSIGHTS JUNG GLEANED FROM HIS OWN DREAMWORK.


JUNG'S OPEN APPROACH TO THE UNCONSCIOUS LED HIM TO MAP AN UNDERLYING STRUCTURE THAT PICTURED THE PSYCHE AS BEING NINETY PERCENT SUBLIMINAL MOST OF THE TIME.
EGO AWARENESS IS SEEN AS A SMALL ISLAND FLOATING ON A VAST SEA OF UNCONSCIOUS ACTIVITY.
EGO
CONSCIOUSNESS
THE UNCONSCIOUS
SELF
SEEKING IT'S OWN REFLECTION, THE EGO IS ALWAYS DRAWN TO THE TIMELESS WISDOM OF THE SOLAR CENTER.
HE NAMED THIS CORE 'THE SELF' AND UNDERSTOOD IT TO BE BOTH THE NUCLEUS AND TOTALITY OF THE SPHERE.
IT CONTAINS NOTHING LESS THAN THE SUM TOTAL OF OUR COMPLETE POTENTIAL AS HUMAN BEINGS!
JUNG CALLED THIS DIALOGUE BETWEEN EGO AND SELF, THE INDIVIDUATION PROCESS, BRILLIANTLY DOCUMENTING IT'S CENTRAL IMPORTANCE TO SUCH ARCANUM AS ALCHEMY, TAROT AND AND MYTHOLOGY AS WELL AS THE WORLD'S GREAT RELIGIONS.
AND THE COOLEST PART OF ALL IS, IT CAN BE ACCESSED BY SIMPLY GOING TO SLEEP... AND DREAMING!

TO BEGIN A GOOD DIALOGUE WITH THE SELF, FIRST YOU HAVE TO RELEARN SOMETHING YOU ALREADY KNOW: THE ANCIENT ART OF THINKING IN SYMBOLS.
SYMBOLISM IS YOUR PRIMARY LANGUAGE, A PRECISE AND CRYSTALIZED FORM OF EXPRESSION HIGHLY PRIZED BY MASS MARKETERS AND MODERN POLITICIANS AS A DEVICE TO MANIPULATE WHOLE POPULATIONS!
SYMBOLS POSSESS A DYNAMIC AND DRAMATIC CHARACTER THAT CAN EXPRESS ALL VARIOUS ASPECTS OF AN IDEA IN A SINGLE IMAGE.
GREAT SYMBOLISM LINKS MANY THINGS TOGETHER TO REVEAL TRANSCENDENT TRUTHS ABOUT THE INNER AND OUTER WORLDS. DREAMS CAN BE ASTONISHING IN THE LAYERED COMPLEXITY AND PACKED SYMMETRY OF THEIR IMAGING.
THIS IS WHAT DREAMS ARE! THE SLEEPING MIND IS AN ARTISTIC GENIUS PAINTING SPONTANEOUS OMNIPOETIC LANDSCAPES IN WHICH EVERY RIVER, MOUNTAIN AND SNAKE IN THE GRASS IS A LIVING AND MOMENTARY REVELATION OF PAST AND PRESENT.
PERHAPS EVEN THE FUTURE.

IN FACT, IF WE DON'T PAY ENOUGH ATTENTION TO IT, THE SELF-REGULATING SYSTEM OF THE PSYCHE JUST TURNS UP THE JUICE.
WITH A LITTLE HORROR MOVIE ACTION.
BLANG
BLANG
HERE'S THE ONE THAT TERRIFIED LI'L RICKY AT FIVE YEARS OLD.
IT WAS THE DREAD OF THIS RECURRING DREAM THAT FIRST MADE HIM THINK ABOUT SOME OF THE STRANGE THINGS WE EXPERIENCED IN HIS SLEEP.
LIKE 'BIG TINY'!
TOO MUCH! TOO MUCH!!
DISTANCE ACROSS ROOM FEELS LIKE BILLIONS OF LIGHT YEARS.
AS THE NIGHTMARES PASSED, HE BEGAN TO ENJOY DREAMING AND NOTICED HOW SOME DREAMS ARE SPECIAL...
HE COULDN'T HAVE UNDERSTOOD 'HOW' AT THE TIME, BUT CERTAIN 'BIG DREAMS' HE HAD AS A KID WERE ESSENTIAL IN CREATING HIS LIFE AS THE COMIC BOOK ARTIST HE IS TODAY.
DIRT?
DIG.
DIG.
DIG.
?
IT IS THE ONLY WAY!
BLAM
THE WRIGHT'S
REBIRTHS
ENDS

WHICH IS NOT TO SAY ROARIN' RICK WAS THE WORLD'S MOST MATURE INDIVIDUAL WHILE GROWING UP...
AT TWENTY-ONE HE WAS AN EXCELLENT CANDIDATE FOR AN EARLY GRAVE.
SSSKREEEEEEEE
THIS IS NOT AN EXAGGERATION, FOLKS.
AT TWENTY-TWO HE WAS BURNT OUT, A MISERABLE MISANTHROPE, HIS PERSONAL LIFE A JOKE, WORRIED HE WAS GOING TO HAVE A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN
INSTEAD, HE STARTED A DREAM DIARY.
AND TURNED TO FACE THE SELF!
I AM HELL!
AND I DWELL AT THE FURTHEST END OF THE UNIVERSE!!
DREAMWORKERS, REMEMBER! THE FIRST DREAM IN A SERIES IS ALWAYS IMPORTANT! ROARIN' RICK NAMED HIS PUBLISHING COMPANY AFTER THIS ONE!
KING HELL

RECORDING DREAMS IS THE FIRST STEP IN PLUMBING THE DEPTH OF THEIR SYMBOLISTIC LAYERING. HERE'S A 'RARE BIT FIEND' THAT ADDRESSES ROARIN' RICK'S COLLABORATION WITH NEIL GAIMAN ON A COMIC BOOK VILLAIN CALLED 'TEKNOPHAGE.'
THE LOCATION OF A DREAM OFTEN HAS A SIGNIFICANCE. IN THIS ONE, I'M STANDING IN A PUBLIC PARK WHERE HETTY GREEN, 'THE WITCH OF WALL STREET', HAD HER VICTORIAN MANSION. THE TEKNOPHAGE CHARACTER IS A GREEDY INDUSTRIALIST, TOO, SO THERE'S ONE CONNECTION...
I WANTED TO SHOW YOU THIS PLACE, NEIL...
IT'S A PUBLIC PARK IN MY OLD HOME TOWN.
I THINK IT'S PERFECT. LET'S UNLOAD AND GET STARTED.
HE'S ALSO A VIOLENT, MURDEROUS PREDATOR, MEANT TO FRIGHTEN READERS BY EXAGGERATING THE HORRORS OF CAPITALISM AND TECHNOLOGY, WHICH IS CLEARLY REFLECTED IN THE DEATH TOTEM WE'RE SCULPTING.
I'M SO PLEASED. I'VE HAD THESE CIRCUITBOARDS PACKED AWAY FOR YEARS...
I CAN'T WAIT TO USE THEM.
THERE! I THINK THE HORNS REALLY MAKE IT.. DON'T YOU?
SYNCHRONICITY KICKED IN WHEN RICK FAXED THIS PAGE TO NEIL, WHO CALLED BACK TO SAY HE WAS RUMMAGING THROUGH OLD CIRCUIT BOARDS AT THE MOMENT THE FAX CAME THROUGH.
MONTHS LATER, GOING OVER CHARACTER SKETCHES ON THE PHONE, NEIL AND RICK DISCUSSED PUTTING HORNS ON THE TEKNOPHAGE. RICK WAS OVERWHELMED BY FEELING OF DEJA VU! I WONDER WHY?
HM. SOMETHING'S JUST NOT RIGHT.
FRANK ZAPPA
MARVIN GAYE
I LOVE THIS BIT WHERE THE DREAM NEIL CHANGES THE SIGN. THIS IS THE SELF SYMBOLICALLY DESCRIBING A ROLE THE REAL NEIL WAS GOING TO PLAY IN ROARIN' RICK'S CREATIVE WRITING.
YOU SEE, WHILE WORKING ON THE PROJECT, NEIL PUSHED RICK BEYOND THE WILD RHYTHMS AND OUTRAGEOUS CONCEPTS OF HIS EARLIER WORK, GETTING HIM TO CONCENTRATE ON THE SOUL OF HIS CHARACTERS. THE FRANK ZAPPA/MARVIN GAYE IMAGE IS ONE OF THOSE ASTONISHING POETIC METAPHORS THAT DREAMS TOSS OFF ALL THE TIME!
OH YEAH-- AND I ALMOST FORGOT TO MENTION... RICK DREW THIS DREAM MONTHS BEFORE HE EVER HEARD OF THE TEKNOPHAGE OR NEIL'S PROJECT!

WHICH BRINGS US TO THE REALLY MAGICAL SIDE OF THIS WHOLE BUSINESS: DREAM PRECOGNITION!
THE PLAIN TRUTH IS, ONCE YOU RECORD YOUR DREAMS, YOU CAN'T IGNORE HOW OFTEN THEY REFLECT FUTURE EVENTS. MUCH OF THIS CAN BE EXPLAINED AS A BYPRODUCT OF NORMAL MENTAL ACTIVITY. EVERYONE'S CONCERNED ABOUT THEIR FUTURES, RIGHT?
BRRLLLNGG!
HELLO?
OH, HI! I THINK YOU SPOKE WITH MY BROTHER MIKE YESTERDAY...
BUT EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE, AN IMPOSSIBLE-TO-IMAGINE FUTURE IS CONJURED IN A DREAM...
THIS IS GEORGE STEPHANOPOULS. I'M CALLING FROM THE WHITE HOUSE!
I'M RICK VEITCH.
LISTEN, RICK... WE'VE GOT A FEW DETAILS TO NAIL DOWN FOR THE PRESIDENT'S CAMPAIGN APPEARANCE AT YOUR HOUSE TOMORROW.
I KNEW THAT
AND SOMETHING QUITE LIKE IT COMES TO PASS.
FILE: RICK VEITCH
NOT LONG AFTER THIS PAGE WAS PUBLISHED, RICK'S BROTHER MIKE GOT INVITED TO THE WHITE HOUSE TO PLAY MUSIC AT GEORGE STEPHANOPOLIS' BIRTHDAY PARTY!!
RICK CAN STILL REMEMBER THE NIGHTMARE I SPENT TRAPPED IN A WORLD OF BURNING ASPHALT A FEW DAYS BEFORE IRAQ INVADED KUWAIT.
GULF
AND HOW I WENT DOWN ON THE DREAM CHALLENGER A MONTH AHEAD OF THE REAL ONE.
RICK'S STILL WONDERING ABOUT THAT!

NORMALLY, DREAMS ARE SO EPHEMERAL, WE ARE DISCARDED MOMENTS AFTER WAKING UP.
DRAWM
RARE BIT FIENDS
JEEPERS... SLOW DOWN!
IF MY DREAMER HAD TOSSED THIS ONE AWAY HE'D HAVE MISSED A CLEAR WARNING OF IMPENDING REAL-LIFE DANGER!
UMPH! RUNNING LATE, TOO...
UH OH.
SOMETHING BIG MOVING AROUND BACK
MONTHS AFTER DREAMING AND DRAWING THIS, A CAR WENT OFF THE ROAD NEAR RICK'S HOMESTEAD...
TRYING TO PULL THE GUY OUT, RICK HAD VERY STUPIDLY BLOCKED PART OF THE ICY HIGHWAY!
THE BUS DRIVER WASN'T EXPECTING THAT WHEN SHE ROUNDED THE CURVE...
THE ROAD WAS A SHEET OF ICE.
SCHOOL
SHE LOST IT!
THE BUS, IN AN EIGHT-WHEEL DRIFT, FLASHED BY INCHES FROM RICK'S NOSE AND DISAPPEARED OVER THE HILL!
IT TOOK ANOTHER MILE BEFORE THE HEROIC DRIVER GOT THE BUS STOPPED!
A REMARKABLE EVENT, MADE MORE SO BY THE FACT THAT RICK WAS STANDING ONLY A FEW FEET FROM WHERE I HAD STOOD IN THE DREAM!!

ANOTHER COOL THING DREAMS AUTOMATICALLY DO IS PROVIDE PERIODIC HEALTH UPDATES, ACTING AS AN EARLY WARNING SYSTEM FOR PATHOLOGIES AND DISEASE WHILE POINTING OUT THE DESTRUCTIVE ATTITUDES AND PRACTICES THAT CAUSE THEM...
HERE'S A LETTER RICK GOT FROM REVEREND JEREMY TAYLOR, RENOWNED AUTHOR OF "WHERE PEOPLE FLY AND WATER RUNS UPHILL", AND PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION FOR THE STUDY OF DREAMS, NO LESS! HE'S CONCERNED BY ALL THE 'DAMAGED FINGER' DREAMS IN RARE BIT FIENDS...
"...IF THEY WERE MY DREAMS, I'D SUSPECT EARLY (BUT CLEAR!) WARNINGS ABOUT PROGRESSIVE NERVE DAMAGE FROM THE REPETITIVE PRESSURES OF DRAWING... ...IF THEY WERE MY DREAMS, THEY WOULD BE POINTING, IN PART, TO A PRE-CONSCIOUS, COUNTER-PRODUCTIVE, QUASI-RELIGIOUS 'THOUGHT' THAT I HAVE TO 'PAY' FOR 'PUBLIC RECOGNITION' AND SUCCESS' WITH SOME KIND OF 'SACRIFICE'-- LIKE MY DRAWING FINGERS... T'AIN'T SO, McGEE...! I NEED 'EM... THE WORLD NEEDS 'EM! ...EVEN IF DAD DID SACRIFICE HIMSELF AT THE MILL 'FOR THE FAMILY', THAT'S NOT WHAT I'M CALLED TO DO! "
LITTLE OMENS
NAILS CHEWED TO QUICK AND BEYOND.
GOOD CALL, JEREMY! ESPECIALLY SINCE YOU'VE NEVER MET ROARIN' RICK IN THE :CHOKE: FLESH!
PENCIL-SHAPED GROOVE CARVED IN PERMANENT INK-STAINED CALLOUS.
BUT THE SAD FACT IS, RICK'S POOR, POOR PINKIES ARE TOTALLY MALFORMED AND BEAT UP BY A LIFE OF OBSESSIVE PENCIL PUSHING!
CHRONIC DRY SKIN.
ROBERTSON PAPER CO.
DEFORMED INDEX FINGER. FORTY YEARS OF CONSTANT DRAWING HAS TWISTED IT LIKE A CORK SCREW!
MAYBE IT'S TIME TO CONSIDER RELINQUISHING THE TITLE OF 'WORLD'S MOST OVERWORKED CARTOONIST', RICKY BABY?

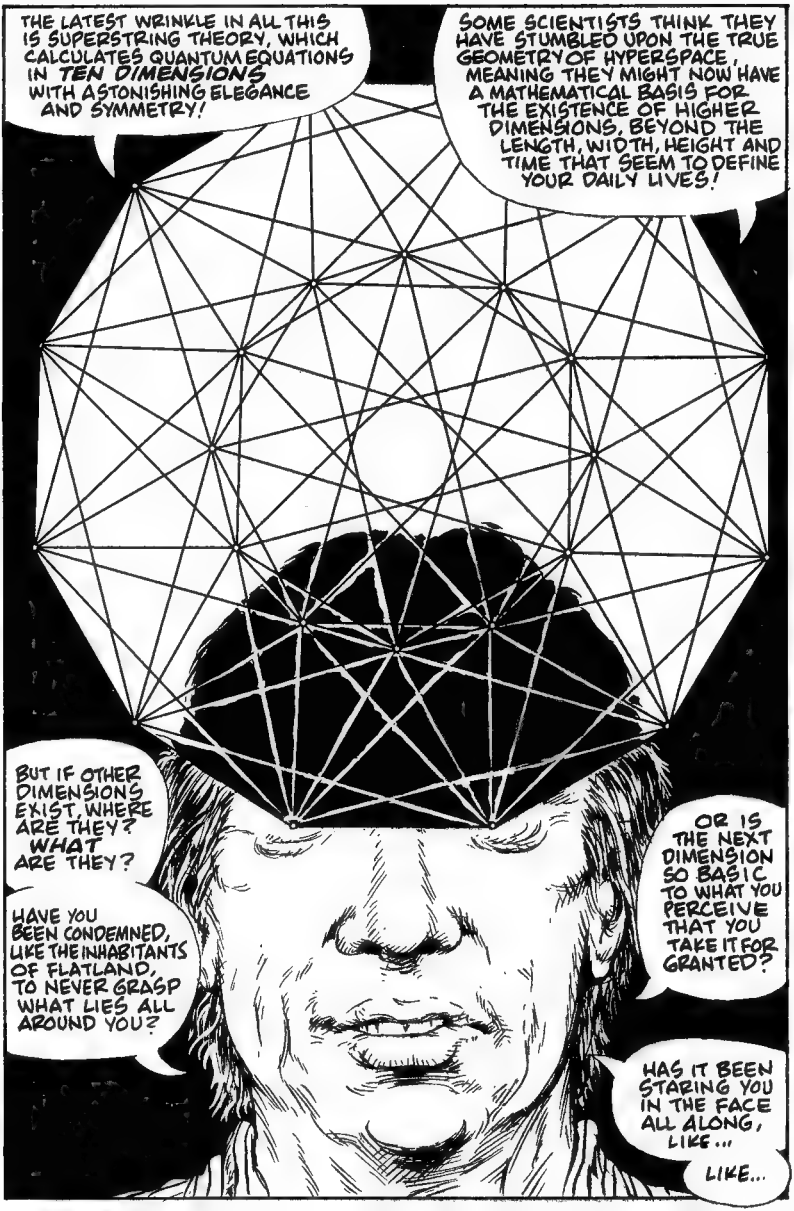
SYNCHRONICITY. SYMBOLISM. MIND/BODY CONNECTIONS. PRECOGNITION.
I THINK IT'S TOO EASY FOR SOME FOLKS TO PAINT DREAM WORK AS JUST MORE NEW-AGE MUMBO-JUMBO!

BUT TO DENY YOUR DREAMS IS TO IGNORE ESSENTIAL ASPECTS OF YOUR REALITY.
THAT PART OF YOU, WHICH JUNG CALLED THE SELF, IS PROJECTED INTO ALL THOSE NOOKS AND CRANNIES OF YOUR PHYSICAL EXISTENCE, WHICH SEEM TO RUN AUTOMATICALLY!

AND OF WHICH THE EGO IS BLISSFULLY UNAWARE!
LIKE THIS SENTIENT CELLULAR ECOSYSTEM, WORKING COOPERATIVELY TO PROVIDE RICK WITH A HUMAN BODY! THE SELF EXTENDS DOWN HERE...
... AND BEYOND! INTO THE MICROCOSMIC WORLD OF SUBATOMIC PARTICLES!

PERHAPS THE MOST DREAMLIKE PLACE OF ALL!

WHAT WITH ITS INHABITANTS GOING BACKWARDS IN TIME, EXISTING IN TWO PLACES AT ONCE, AND TUNNELING ACROSS VAST DISTANCES INSTANTANEOUSLY, THE QUANTUM REALM OPERATES UNDER AN ALIEN PHYSICS, UNLIKE ANYTHING THE EGO USUALLY EXPERIENCES AS 'REALITY'!
NOW, A LOT OF BRIGHT PEOPLE HAVE BEEN STRUGGLING FOR MANY YEARS TO EXPLAIN JUST WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN HERE, SO DON'T EXPECT ME TO SUM IT ALL UP IN ONE WORD BALLOON...
BUT MUCH OF MODERN QUANTUM THEORY IS NOW CONSIDERED SCIENTIFICALLY PROVEN, EVEN THOUGH IT DESCRIBES A UNIVERSE OF PURE POTENTIAL, IN WHICH THERE ARE NO 'THINGS', ONLY 'POTENTIAL THINGS'!
UNTIL THEY ARE OBSERVED.
MAKES PERFECT SENSE, RIGHT?
SCIENCE HAS YET TO EXPLAIN THE PHYSICS OF CONSCIOUSNESS, BUT TO QUANTUM MECHANICS IT IS PART OF A WAVE FUNCTION BY WHICH ALL MATTER TAKES FORM, FOCUSSING OUT OF AN INFINITE SEA OF POSSIBILITIES!
AND LIKE I SAID EARLIER, IF IT'S PART OF YOU, THE SELF IS THERE, PERHAPS EVEN ACTING AS THE SCULPTOR OF YOUR PHYSICAL REALITY-- AND ALWAYS READY TO TALK ABOUT IT-- IN DREAMS!


THE LATEST WRINKLE IN ALL THIS IS SUPERSTRING THEORY, WHICH CALCULATES QUANTUM EQUATIONS IN TEN DIMENSIONS WITH ASTONISHING ELEGANCE AND SYMMETRY!
SOME SCIENTISTS THINK THEY HAVE STUMBLED UPON THE TRUE GEOMETRY OF HYPERSPACE, MEANING THEY MIGHT NOW HAVE A MATHEMATICAL BASIS FOR THE EXISTENCE OF HIGHER DIMENSIONS, BEYOND THE LENGTH, WIDTH, HEIGHT AND TIME THAT SEEM TO DEFINE YOUR DAILY LIVES!
BUT IF OTHER DIMENSIONS EXIST, WHERE ARE THEY? WHAT ARE THEY?
HAVE YOU BEEN CONDEMNED, LIKE THE INHABITANTS OF FLATLAND, TO NEVER GRASP WHAT LIES ALL AROUND YOU?
OR IS THE NEXT DIMENSION SO BASIC TO WHAT YOU PERCEIVE THAT YOU TAKE IT FOR GRANTED?
HAS IT BEEN STARING YOU IN THE FACE ALL ALONG, LIKE...
LIKE...

LIKE WHAT I'M MADE OF!
THE SAME STUFF THAT KEEPS THE QUANTUM QUIVERING...
... WHOSE VERY EXISTENCE IS A PREREQUISITE FOR LIFE ITSELF.
IF ONLY I COULD GET THE MESSEGE THROUGH TO MY DREAMER!
HEY, RICK-- WAKE UP!! THIS IS IMPORTANT!
IT'S ABOUT CONSCIOUSNESS...
CONSCIOUSNESS IS THE FIFTH DIMENSION!!

'POCKET UNIVERSE' RETURNS NEXT ISSUE!!

LITTLE OMENS

· P.O. BOX 1371 WEST TOWNSHEND VT 05359 ·

Laura Dunning
Western Australia

Dear Rick,

I am much impressed with your Rare Bit Fiends. Tell me though, do you dream in technicolor or sepia black & white?

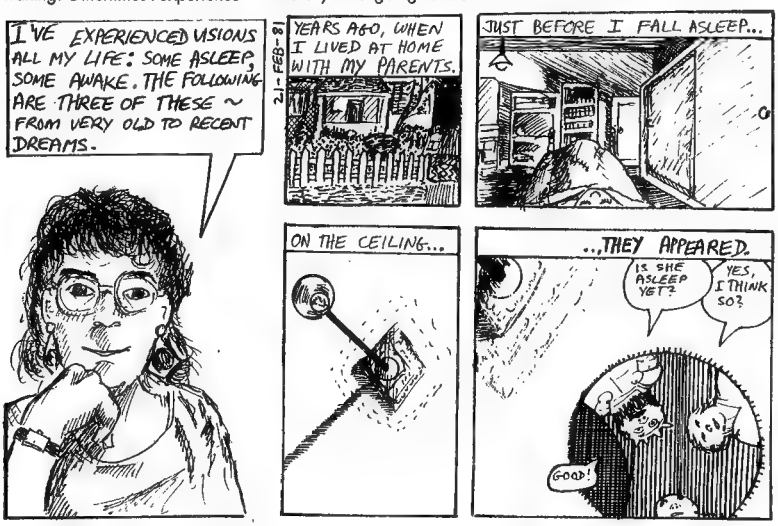
I read an article once in a science magazine that suggested dreams were the brain's mechanism for clearing short-term memory space. The idea is, that you only have so much memory devoted to short-term memory. Dreams clear this memory and are part of a process whereby some short-term memories become long-term memories (deemed important) and others are forgotten (assumed to be rubbish). If this were true, then the main mix of dreams would be drawn from recent experience, with older memories and pure imagination added for variety.

Sometimes I get complete plots of stories. If I remember enough detail, I write these down upon waking. Othertimes I experience a form of lucid dreaming and "re-run" the dream, rewriting the plot as it moves along. Thirteen years ago, I dreamed a whole series of stories about a character called Frank Karlan. It has taken me until now to put pen to paper and draw those stories (see enclosed zine Apocrypha). All these dreams increased in magnitude after my bout with epilepsy.

Apart from dreams, which I call sleeping visions, I've had waking visions as well. Sometimes these have been quite visual and intense and other times they've been vague feelings and a sense of "knowing something", without a logical basis for that knowledge. I remember seeing a giant rat while taking a shower, and encountering a glowing Jesus while on the pot (I told him to go away, he did).

I have found a quarter of these visions to be predictive, and accurate to a frightening degree. Having accurate visions of where you're going to work in two years time, or who you're going to meet in a shop, doesn't help you prepare for the event. Early on, I learnt to bury these visions and not to tell anyone. Of late however, I've experimented with passing on this information. The results have been mixed. Sometimes doing this creates the event foreseen.

My friend Carol Wood has lucid dreams and oobies (out of body experiences) all the time. In the worst occurrences of lucid dreaming, she awakes from the dream only to find herself paralyzed, only to realize that this too, is part of the dream. Sometimes she has located lost objects by seeing them in dreams. Both Carol and I have had, on occasions years apart, the same dream. In this dream, Binky the rabbit from Life in Hell goes into a room where there are hundreds like him. They all look up simultaneously and glowing white beams and rainbows shine upwards from their faces. What does it mean? Why Binky?



The book Windows of the Mind. Glassing describes a lucid dreaming technique. The book is filled with accounts from subjects using this method. The procedure is as follows: The dreamer lies on the floor with their head supported by a cushion and with their shoes removed. A second person massages their feet and ankles. A third person massages the area of the "third eye" with the edge of their fist in a circular motion. This continues for some minutes until the subject's head is "really buzzing". Then the subject imagines themselves to grow two inches taller, through the top of their body. Then they imagine themselves to contract, and repeat by imagining themselves to grow through the soles of their feet. Then they imagine themselves contracting. This is repeated several times, with the person imagining growths of greater amounts. finally, the subject imagines themselves growing, expanding into the universe, becoming an enormous globe of consciousness.

The result of this is to produce waking dreams, ostensively to explore past lives. I have tried this technique on Carol, and found it works reasonably well.

I have enclosed a page inspired by Rare Bit Fiends. All are true dreams; even the last, which came after reading issue #3. Finally, let me tell you a true story.

Some years ago, Carol and I found a collection of Winsor McCay's work entitled Daydreams & Nightmares in a local comic shop. We were gazing at an illustration showing a mile long airplane with the caption "YOU WILL SEE THIS SHIP" - which would be unlikely, unless we were smoking marijuana or taking op - when one of the local punter came up to see what was so exciting.

"Who's this artist?" he asked

"Winsor McCay," we replied in unison, "One of the greatest American comic artists this century".

"Oh yeah," he said, "He does Superman doesn't he?"

Sigh. There's no justice, is there?

Dear Rick,

I wake from my dream with a hard on and a bladder that is so full it hurts my stomach. I start remembering my dream in reverse. I am cold. Naked. Typing this at my computer screen in the green darkness of morning light. I shiver. A salesman is trying to get me to buy. He is good. Very good. Like a barker at a circus. He says, " And not only. And not only...- Will we give you 25% 50% 75% BUT 125% off" as he holds up some black cookies with white filling that look like an ice cream sandwich. Yet

he flips them like a deck of cards. This wheeling and dealing to get me to buy has been going on for awhile. I came in the middle of it in my dream. I remember it going on and on in my dream, yet I know it did not dream it. " And not only. And not only... Will we give you..." echoes through my dream. I am at a glass booth that looks out into nothing. There is a slot for a teller, but only the empty space that surrounds the glass booth is there, not the teller. I have suggested that the discounts are not good enough. I want them to pay me. The seller's name is Bruce. He looks puzzled. Stumped. I suggest a credit card that not only sends me a bill– it doubles whatever I can spend. Bruce roots through his briefcase thinking, " I CAN DO THAT! I CAN DO THAT! My hand puts the proper papers through the window slot. Someone not there puts it through a machine unseen. I wait. A manila computer card comes through the slot. I see it thinking puzzled, " Why is there a $19.00 written in the center of the card." Then I remember, if it says $19.00 that means they owe me and then I wake. Dreamback.

I am avoiding an infinite wheeled truck speeding by rolling over. I am already on the ground. I roll over looking up into the barking of the black sandwich cookie guy hawking his wares and flipping his cookies like cards. Dreamback.

I am being run over by people. At first slowly; then fast and faster as the stampede grows and grows. I am on the ground being trampled underfoot again and again. I look up from the ground as they trample me again and see a flatbed of mushroom towers that look like nuclear reactor conical towers. There is no cab. I am part of them and not as they chant: " ALL HAIL THE MUSHROOM TOWER! ALL HAIL THE MUSHROOM TOWER!" over and over they repeat, then at the end they make a

sound " WHHOOOOOSSSSH." that sounds like a release or a giant splash of water from a large conical container. I am not part of, I do not feel a part of them as they make their sound. I am in pain. I am making my own sound in pain. I am in pain. The flat bed rolls on and on as they chant. Dreamback.

Just having emerged from below I am walking. I think I am walking with someone. They are giving me the guided tour. They are talking. Naked women are lying and walking about the rolling hills. The walkers seem as if they stare ahead unseeing in a zombie stupor. The recliners are lying around decadently like snakes and seducers ready to take. She, the tour guide, is saying this is: " Happy Area Community College." (abbreviated: HACK). I hear hypnotically chanting from loud speakers that are not there, " Think HAPPY THOUGHTS HAPPY THOUGHTS HAPPY THOUGHTS." It is like a subliminal dance that will not go away. I am naked and only amongst this see, or see, or sea of women. I ascend the hill. I have to avoid Alex's cigarette and his crinkled tan hair. He looks at me but doesn't look; it is just his hair brushing my thigh as I go by. I am walking I see Alex with his head down, his hair red and scraggly like it should be, sitting amongst the grass. I am about to talk to him but then I realize that I just passed him on my walk up the hill, yet they are both him, yet neither quite him. Dreamback.

I am naked running through a corridor that spirals upwards at angles. We are naked, the three of us, running up the spiral corri-

dors desperately attempting to hold onto our towels as they continually slip off, yet never falling, with our motion. I think: "Three Blind Mice. Three Blind Mice. See how they run." I can almost hear it being sung as it echoes through the corridors and we run. I think we are trying to catch something. Women, perhaps. Or maybe we are, I am being pursued. I am walking. I am running. Sometimes one, sometimes not, up the angled spiral corridors. I am naked now. The towel is gone. I am still naked when I emerge later in my dream into HACK. Sometimes women are coming down nakedly as I go up. Sometimes there is one women going down, sometimes two, Sometimes I am the only one in the empty corridors with the brown concrete floors. I enter a corridor. I see something on the floor. I cannot tell what it is. I stop walking. Motionless. I see red and clear. I look for a while. I see blood and water mixed and mixing on the floor. I am not sure what to do. Should I go up? A naked women comes down silently, then another, a third. I am motionless. A warning as if spoken, yet silent like no more like a feeling: "That is women place. Women's place. Do not go up there." I turn around and go up another corridor. It is the only time in my dream that I do not go forward and up. Dreamback.

The fragments are falling. I am starting to forget. I am in an ovular spaceship. I am flying. Sometimes I am larger than the spaceship, sometimes it is encompassing, but it is constantly changing shape, form, it's life essence. I am flying it is changing. Beauty. All encompassing, pervading beauty.

I am crashing. The ship is shattering into silver crystals. Rectangular they fall. Shattering. Silver shards tinkling silently as they touch the Earth. Crashing as we touch the Earth together, the ship and I, silver shards tinkling as they touch the Earth and I still remember flying. Remember: flying merging, changing, touching, transforming touching as one. And then we touched the Earth.

I dreamed longer of the spaceship and it's transformations than of anything else that followed it, but it is longer back in my memory, more incandescent, and fading. I even dreamed of the ship when it was inanimate, when it wasn't even a spaceship. It was something else. Just a shape. A memory in my mind. The memory. The dream. The memory of the dream slips away.

I have been sick lately. And emotionally bruised. I am too far away from my dream. It is over. Everything in a dream is shifting, changing, in flux.

" I remember flying"

Sincerely,
Charles Hudson Greene-Cattell
Lancaster, PA

Michael Allred

Hey Rick!

Wowee! It was terrific seeing MADMAN appear from your subconcious in such a positive way. "Hey..I won!"

By the way, I haven't been dreaming lately. Is this bad? Snak! Snak! Bing!

You bet it's bad, Michael! Now I can't twist your arm into doing a piece for CELEBRITY RARE BIT FIENDS!

I'm taking July off to do San Diego (see you there?) and play some catch-up. Next RARE BIT in sixty days!

Roarin' Rick

ROAD BITS

CAPITAL CITY COMICS
CHICAGO COMICS
CAPITAL CITY RETAILERS CONFERENCE

BISSETTE 4/28/95

A FAIRLY INNOCUOUS 'FIRST' DREAM IN MILWAUKIE, DAY ONE OF THE TRIP...

GOD, THIS SUCKS!

I AM ALTERNATELY WATCHING, THEN PLAYING THE LEAD ROLE IN, A LAME MUSICAL VERSION OF 'FAUST'...

THE SONGS ARE LIKE ROOT CANALS...

CLIMBING THE NORTH SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN. IT'S COLD BUT THE ASCENT IS NOT TOO STEEP. WE'VE BEEN CLIMBING A LONG TIME, BUT IT'S OKAY.

THERE ARE GOOD THINGS ABOUT THE DARK SIDE OF THE HILL.

AS WE CREST THE TOP, THE SUN IS WARM AND LOVELY.

ZZZ

VESTIGA 4-28-95

IT'S GOING TO BE AN EASY DESCENT.

VESTIGAL DREAM MEMORIES · 4/29/95 · EXE

I TAKE A T-SHIRT AND A RING TO GIVE TO MARY...

CHEAP RING, THOUGH.

PUT PAPER HERE

...LEAVING JUST A T-SHIRT FOR RICK TO GIVE CINDY.

SHE'LL LOVE IT.

CHICAGO AWAKENS

TRAPPED IN MISANTHROPIC ITALIAN MOVIE DIRECTOR MARCO FERARI'S LATEST...

YOU MUST INDUCE YOUR-SELF IN THIS SHOT.

YES.

NO, REALLY HURT YOURSELF.

...BUT MICKY HYMAN WON'T LEAVE HIS ROOM.

COME OUT OF THERE, MICKY!

ROOM 1305

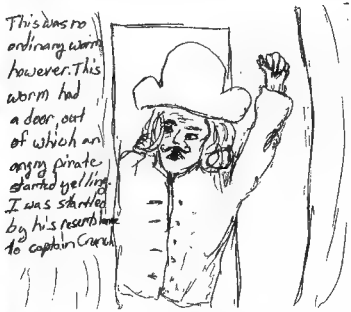
FUCK YOU!!!

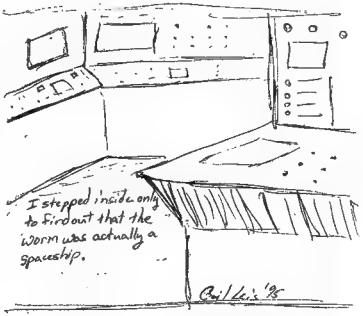
THE GORGE NEAR MY STUDIO IS RUNNING WITH RED AND YELLOW PLASTIC FLOWERS...

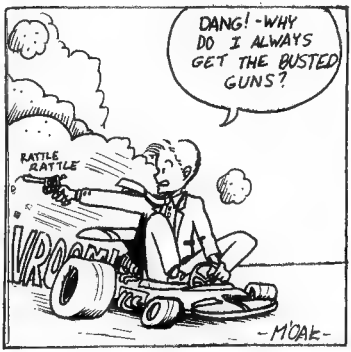
AFFABLE AL AND HIS MUM ARE UNLOADING THE FLOWERS FROM AN OLD LORRY.

VESTIGA 4-29-95

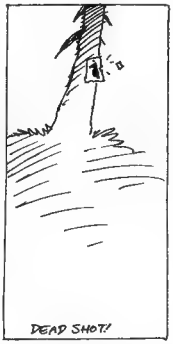
on the Road/Chicago/4.95 Patton Lash







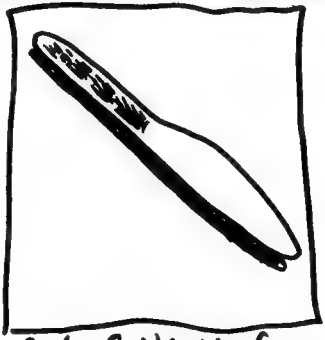
ANOTHER WISTFUL ~~SOBBERS~~ DREAM. 4/30/95



ACTUAL FOOTAGE OF A COMMANDO RAID DEEP INTO NORTH VIETNAMESE TERRITORY IN 1967...

THE YOUNG GEORGE LUCAS IS THE LAUGHING PLATOON LEADER.

I dreamed of a Fork.



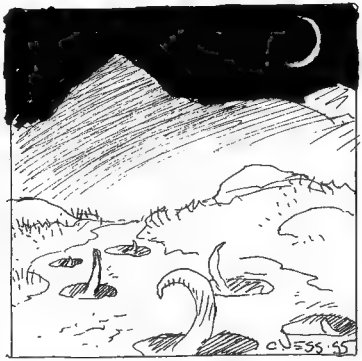
And a Butterknife.

The view from my flat on St. Marks St.

Trouble...

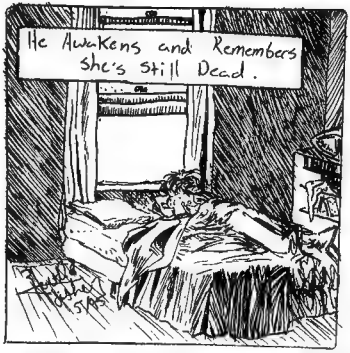
EVERY TIME I HAVE AN ANXIETY DREAM ABOUT THE FUTURE OF MY CAREER, A WOMAN IS ALWAYS THERE TO USHER ME TO THE NEXT LEVEL...

UNFORTUNATELY, I HAVEN'T MET ALL THE REQUIREMENTS YET...



"IT WAS A CARTOON DREAM..."

LIZARD BOY DOES GOOD



DIANA SCHUTZ
BARCOW, CHICAGO 5.1.95

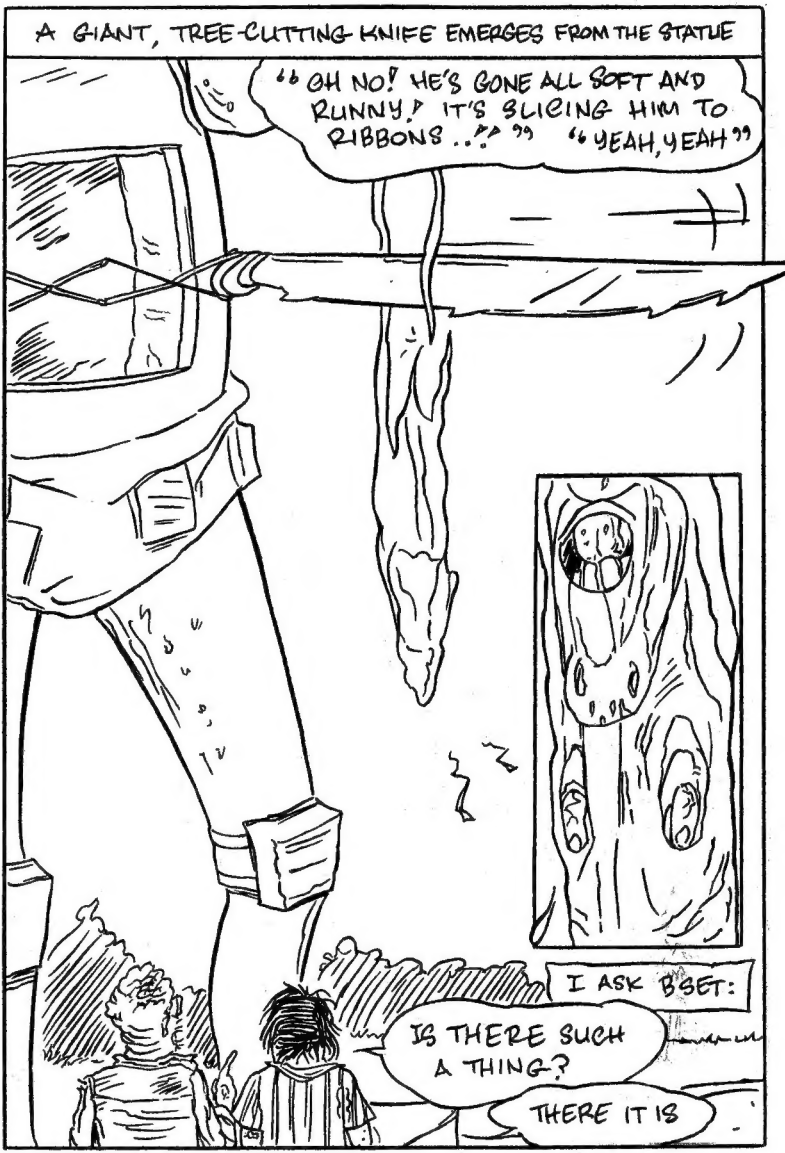
"..VEITCH, ALIAS THE CARAMEL, MAKING FINAL ADJUSTMENTS FOR HIS DAREDEVIL LEAP...

HIS SPECIAL SUIT MADE ENTIRELY.."
"ENTIRELY, BILL?" "..ALMOST ENTIRELY OF MELTED CARAMELS.."
"SOME RESURNT FROM PREVIOUS STUNTS, LOOKS TA ME LIKE."

"CAN HE DO IT? OR WILL IT END IN DISASTER?!?" "um, ISNT THIS JUST FOR SHOW BILL?

AND WHAT IS THAT HE'S JUMPING OFF THIS TIME? IT ALL SEEMS A BIT UNNECESSARY TO ME AN'.."
"SHHUSHH, BOB! HE'S JUMPED!!"
"BUT.."

"OH...IT'S JUST A GIANT STATUE OF HIMSELF." "YES, IT'S A TALL ORDER! WAIT! THERE SEEMS TO BE SOME SORT OF CONFUSION.. HE'S PANICKING!!"
"AAH, HE'LL JUST FIRE A ROCKET OR OPEN THE 'CHUTE UNDER ALL THAT BIG, STUPID PADDING.."
YAAHHHHHHH

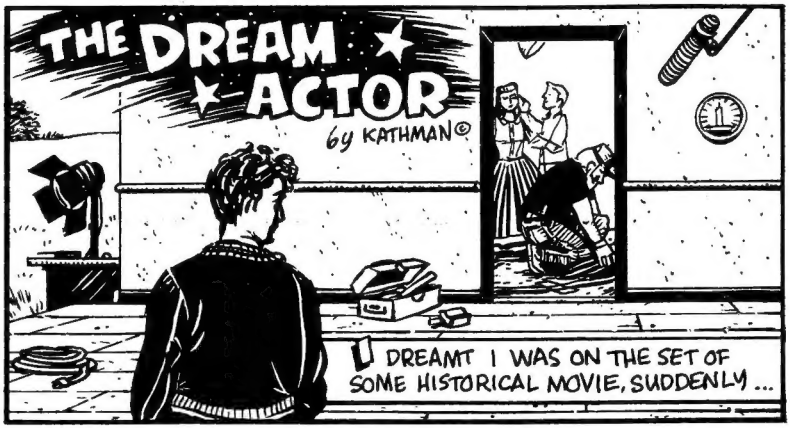

A GIANT, TREE-CUTTING KNIFE EMERGES FROM THE STATUE
"OH NO! HE'S GONE ALL SOFT AND RUNNY! IT'S SLICING HIM TO RIBBONS..!?"
"YEAH, YEAH"
I ASK BSET:
IS THERE SUCH A THING?
THERE IT IS

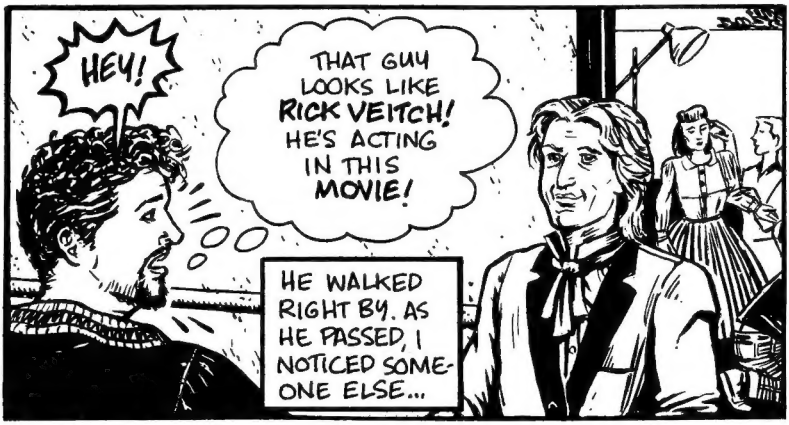
I COULD GET SOME DINNER ROLLS TO CUSHION HIS FALL...
UH.. THAT IS, CUSHION HIS LANDING

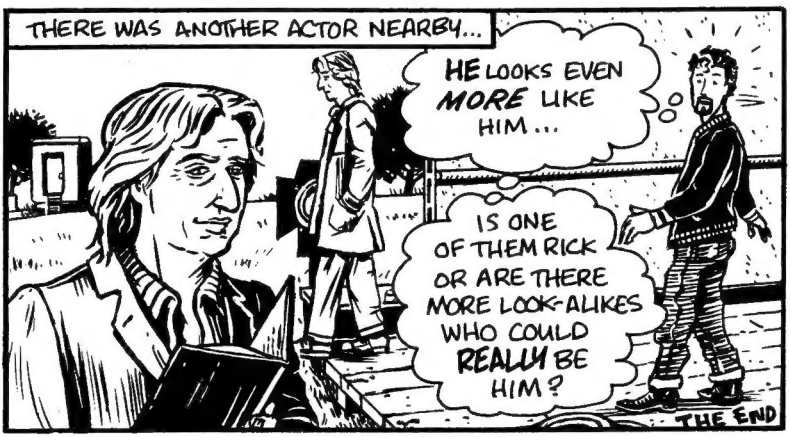
HERE..AND HERE ..AND HERE... DOUGHEY.. MIGHT WORK..

ALL GONE! NOT ENUF OF THEM!!

KH KH KH
..OR EXPLAIN WHY I DIDNT!
AAHH
WADMP


THE DREAM ACTOR
by KATHMAN©
I DREAMT I WAS ON THE SET OF SOME HISTORICAL MOVIE, SUDDENLY ...


HEY!
THAT GUY LOOKS LIKE RICK VEITCH! HE'S ACTING IN THIS MOVIE!
HE WALKED RIGHT BY. AS HE PASSED, I NOTICED SOMEONE ELSE...


THERE WAS ANOTHER ACTOR NEARBY...
HE LOOKS EVEN MORE LIKE HIM...
IS ONE OF THEM RICK OR ARE THERE MORE LOOK-ALIKES WHO COULD REALLY BE HIM?
THE END

HAVE YOU GOT BIT

"TOP FIVE INDEPENDENTS FOR 1994"
WIZARD MAGAZINE

"FASCINATING. ONE OF THE BEST COMICS TO HIT THE STANDS IN A LONG TIME."
FEATURE MAGAZINE

"THE FIRST EGALITARIAN WORLD COMMUNITY DREAM JOURNAL"
JEREMY TAYLOR, CREATION SPIRITUALITY

"TOP 49 OF '94"
HERO ILLUSTRATED

"AS ADDICTIVE AS ANY HALLUCINOGEN!"
CHRIS GOLDEN FLUX

"SUPERB. COMPELLING. IT CAN'T BE DESCRIBED AS A REGULAR COMIC BECAUSE IT'S SUCH A DIFFERENT CONCEPT."
SEZ WHO

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ERIC STEPHENSON, HERO ILLUSTRATED

"THE 21ST CENTURY WILL SEE THIS COMIC BOOK AS THE TEXTBOOK FOR A WHOLE NEW BRANCH OF SCIENCE!"
TOE JAM

"RARE BIT FIENDS HAS A BOLD AUTHORITY; ONE NEVER DOUBTS THE HONESTY OF WHAT IS BEING CONVEYED OR THE UNSETTLING "FEELING" OF DREAMING THAT VEITCH NAILS RIGHT ON THE HEAD. IT IS HIS BEST, AND MOST AMBITIOUS, WORK TO DATE."
THE COMICS JOURNAL